

Attack on the Death Eaters

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Summary: This story starts from the middle of the book 7 by JKR. The part of the concept was based on "Attack On Titan" by Hajime Isayama.

Attack on the Death Eaters

***I**

Draco's POV.

The crushing and crunching of sharp fangs cracking through bones was a sound he just couldn't delete from his mind. Thinking of his own bones as small pieces floating in Nagini's stomach made him feel like throwing up everything he'd eaten.

Since he had witnessed the execution of the professor, his appetite had fallen off. His face became pallid and he lost a lot of weight. Since when did he stop crying? At least he was happy when he could sob in the deserted corner of the girl's bathroom of Hogwarts.

Vacantly he was gazing at the small creature serving dinner. Dull and paralyzed emotion aged him quickly though he was still only seventeen. Tommy, a house-elf brought by Aunt Bellatrix, busied himself looking after Draco's untouched plates diligently just like Dobby used to do five years ago. He missed Dobby. Though he and his father abused the house-elf till he was released by Potter, he didn't hate him. Tommy was quieter than Dobby and Draco didn't feel like bantering him. He was afraid of Aunt Bellatrix. He missed the noisy, masochistic house-elf.

Draco missed the peaceful good old days. He used to be able to order anything at home and at school. Most people threw themselves at his feet, even the professors, except Dumbledore. His father had tried sacking him but failed. He had no idea he would be ordered to kill

him by the Dark Lord. He tried desperately to assassinate him but failed. Since then he had become a slave of the Dark Lord. Destiny ordered him to throw himself at the tyrant's feet. Nobody was there to give him a helping hand. The headmaster had tried and ended up dead. Snape was the only person left and even though he ended up committing the murder, he couldn't save Draco from the dead end. Running away from the Dark Lord meant death. He was nothing more than livestock to him.

Harry's POV

Flashes of green, sunbeams and blasts of biting cold wind passed by Harry at a high speed. He heard a wild bird screech high up in branches almost as if he were telling him to run. Footsteps tread on the dry twigs all around him and the triumphant cries of the snatchers echoed through the woods.

The boy with the ruffled black hair stopped to think of just a moment. He remembered what it was like to enjoy his school life with his friends after he had finally emerged from the closet under the staircase where he'd spent his infancy. Before he could give it much thought the moment faded into a ghost of a different time and he was jolted back to reality. He had to run. He ran and ran like game chased by hunters. As the snatchers closed in, he tried to harness the full power of his hatred against the Dark Lord. Dumbledore had tried his best and failed, so he had to succeed. He was the last hope to destroy him. He had been reckless and now he and his friends were in danger.

Hermione turned her wand on him and suddenly he whited out. He could feel his cheeks and eyelids swelling rapidly. The pain knocked him to the cold ground. Seconds later Ron's screams filled the air as the Snatchers captured his girlfriend and pulled the two of them apart. Nothing could make him feel worse. The fear that he could save nobody attacked him. He was afraid of becoming like livestock. Even the Cruciatus Curse would be better than this completely helpless state.

III

Draco's POV

"Dobby is a bad house-elf. Dobby has to be punished by my Master." The voice of the poor house-elf in his memory echoed through Draco's mind.

"You weren't bad. You are free now. But I'm a slave of the Dark Lord." He muttered to himself.

He turned on the tap. Water gushed out of it and he washed his face. He wished he could wash away his past. He wished he could get off all of his sins. Facing the mirror, he thought about the death. After he died, would he be punished and burned by hellfire?

Tommy, the house-elf held out a wash towel for him.

"Thank you." He said to the house-elf for the first time in his life.

Tommy was stunned by his Master's words and stared at him with his

eyes open wide. If he was Dobby, he would have jumped with joy and expressed his gratitude to Draco, but Tommy stood still there like a soldier who obeyed his superiors' order. His commander was Aunt Bellatrix. Expressing any emotion meant certain death.

Draco traced the stubbles on his jaw with his fingers.

"Master needs to shave. Master forgets shaving." Tommy spoke for the first time.

Draco glanced back and tried to say something, but he sensed turmoil outside of Manor.

Suddenly a dreadful voice echoed through the inside of the building.

>"We've got Harry Potter!"<p>

"Tommy goes and sees," the loyal house-elf said as he vanished.

Draco opened the door slightly and tried to catch what was going on.

"Tommy, call my sister, Bella!" His mother's voice echoed though the hallway.

"Yes, Mistress," Tommy's voice answered.

Narcissa seemed to leave for the gate outside. He shut the door behind him and descended to the drawing room. He found his father was standing by the window. The thick Victorian drapes had been opened so that he could see his property. Since his wand had been seized by the Dark Lord, Lucius refused to deal with the savages, preferring to leave Narcissa to do his dirty work.

Narcissa returned quickly with several people who looked like they had neither a home nor a job.

Draco looked at the group before him. "What's this?" Instantly, he regretted asking the question. The werewolf Greyback grabbed a handful of jet-black hair which belonged to one of the filthiest people Draco had ever seen. The man shook Greyback's hand off of him in a way that was so agile, Draco was forced to remember his years at Hogwarts and all the times he'd played **him** at Quidditch. He pushed the memories away, telling himself that those golden days were over. He was here now and Harry Potter was a prisoner in his living room.

Harry's POV

After his headache subsided, he heard the shrill voice. His enemy, the murderer of his godfather walked up to him slowly. Snapping her walnut wand against her palm lightly, she gave the prisoners a long look with her heavily lidded eyes. Harry sensed Hermione flinch next to him. Ron jerked and moved forward to shield her which caused Dean to stagger towards Griphook.

Harry felt utterly helpless. It was his fault they were in this predicament. He felt the fighting spirit drain out of him. The fear that he couldn't save his friends overwhelmed him. He was a bad omen

that beckoned danger. He was afraid that he might be the loser of this _hunting game_. He had no chance to fight back. The pieces of his broken holly wand moved around in his pocket. He clenched his fist trying to control his mind, He could feel Ron shaking and twisting with rage next to him.

Chained with ropes like domestic animals, they were taken to the cellar. At least, for the werewolf, _they were livestock_. The thought made him shudder. His best friend's scream echoed above them. Yelling and bellowing her name, Ron started twisting and writhing again.

Harry gritted his teeth trying to focus on finding a way out, "Stop yelling, Ron! We have to find a way to get these ropes off."
>The ropes that bound him made him feel like livestock.

A familiar dreamy voice called his name. Merlin hadn't abandoned them yet. Feeling Luna's warm hands touch his arm, his mind became suddenly clear. While she was releasing his friends, he searched the inside of the cellar.

>He couldn't give up. He had to fight until the bitter end. Bellatrix's mad and menacing screams could be heard from above. Malfoy's father ordered his son to fetch the goblin after Hermione confessed sobbing. He knew Hermione was still fighting.<p>

Lucius ordered Draco to fetch the goblin to confirm Hermione's confession.

Draco Malfoy was another desperate man. His wand was aimed at Harry, trembling. "Stand Back. I won't hesitate, if you are up to something!"

"Why didn't you tell them who I was?" Harry asked Malfoy to try stall for time.

Many thoughts were spinning in his mind. There were four wandless wizards. How could they attack him without wands? What if he pretended to be sick suddenly? Ron and Dean might understand his intention. But he didn't have a chance to try. Malfoy dragged injured Griphook and went out of the cellar. The back figure told them he was also one of them, _one of the livestock of the Dark Lord_. He was burdened by the same destiny that he might be killed _like an animal

—.

III

Draco's POV

He didn't care if she was Mudblood or not. She was the one of them, too. She would be killed like _an animal_ in the same way as Burbage. He shuddered as he imagined the floor of the drawing room stained with blood. Pushing aside his thoughts, he opened the door to the room. He was stunned at the horrifying sight. Aunt Bella crawled up the upper part of Granger's body on the floor and finished carving Mudblood on her skin with a silver knife.

Next he watched in horror as his aunt cast the Cruciatus Curse on the girl who had spent many years with him at Hogwarts. In the past, he'd often wished that Granger would be tortured, but now seeing it, he realized what a cruel thing it was. He had only ever wanted revenge

for being bested by her in their classes. He couldn't bear the sight of it and looked away from her. Instead, he stared at his father's exhausted face.

Draco watched as his father nodded lightly. He told him, "If we fail now, the Dark Lord will punish us."

Just then they heard a loud crack from below.

His father shouted, "What was that?"

Draco was relieved that his father ordered Wormtail to investigate. A few hours later, he would appreciate Lucius not sending him as well because it had saved him from seeing Peter's horrific death.

Bowing his head, he endured the Dark Lord's rant.

>Closing his eyes, he waited his turn to be punished. He had escaped from the Cruciatus Curse in the past thanks to his parents, but this time he knew he wouldn't. The Dark Lord paced up and down the drawing room with gliding steps like a snake. His body was shaking with rage. He cast the Cruciatus Curse on whoever he caught with his blood red eyes. He even killed one of snatchers. Now his snake-like eyes locked onto Draco.<p>

"Ahh...Draco! I heard from Bellatrix, you were asked to identify Harry Potter." The Dark Lord lowered his voice, the rustle of his robes made Draco shiver.

He felt his father jerk up next to him. "My Lord, Draco did his best. The Mudblood Granger cast a Stinging Jinx on Potter so he couldn't identify..."

"I didn't ask you, Lucius," the Dark Lord swished his wand and his father fell over backwards.

"Why didn't you kill the Mudblood at once, Bellatrix?" the Dark Lord asked as he pointed his wand at Bellatrix.

She kept her head lowered to the floor and answered, "I tried to draw as much information as I could before I cast the Killing Curse on the Mudblood, but the house-elf Potter stole with his nasty trick betrayed us. I punished it and killed it. It must be dead now. So please don't worry, my Lord."

Dark Lord's fury settled. He spoke, "Very well. It was wiser for you that you finished the disloyal slave. Potter must be weak now. He will perish by my hand very soon."

Draco narrowly survived. He owed his life to the house elf's death.

Harry's POV

Finally they were free from Bellatrix's spell. His loyal friend had saved them. Hitting solid warm ground, he searched for his friend. He called his friend's name, but there was no answer. He squinted at the small body standing there and stunned. The silver hilt was sticking out of his chest and dark red dyed his plain clothes.

"No! Dobby, Help!" He voiced grievously.

With his glassy eyes wide open, his friend spread out his thin arms. The stars were twinkling above him as he shuddered and swayed. Shedding tears, Harry caught him, carried him carefully and laid him on the grass by the shore. It took a while to realize that Dobby had gone, since the blinking constellation reflected off of the glassy orbs.

"Dobby, you were my friend. Since we first met, you twisted me around your little finger. But the memory is now a treasure to me. It was you who visited my room as a friend for the first time. You tried to save me from Malfoy's trick at the risk of your life. You always devoted yourself completely to being nice to us." Harry talked to his friend in his mind and dug deeper again.

He insisted on doing the manual labor to create Dobby's grave. It was a farewell gift for him. Beaded sweat was running down his face. The mound of dirt got bigger and bigger on both sides of him. His breathing became quicker and shorter and soon he stopped digging.

Dean and Ron joined him. They kept digging the grave for their friend in silence.

"A seashore grave. Now the salty wind is your friend. You're becoming the wind and will visit us wherever we go. You can visit any countries without apparating as you wish. The song of the seagulls is always with you. The whole world, the beautiful sea and the whimsical sky are all your canvas. You deserve this, Dobby. You sacrificed your life for this. We'll never forget you." Harry wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the sleeve.

Hermione was walking slowly towards them, supported by Bill and Fleur. Luna dropped her body close to the ground and her fingers slid over Dobby's eyelids.

She talked to the sleeping elf, "Now you could rest in peace. We're all here for you."

Hermione was leaning on Ron's shoulder. Harry thought back on the days when she was engaged in knitting Dobby's hat and socks. If she hadn't been tortured, she could've had conjured clothes for Dobby. Suddenly, he determined to carve the words on the stone that would mark Dobby's grave and drew his wand from his pocket. It wasn't his holly one but it would do.

>After he finished the ceremony, his mind became clear like the cold sky. Every thought was one in his mind. Voldemort's secret, Dumbledore's foresight and Snape's lesson were united together and would become the compass for remainder of the journey. He could get over the state of spiritual darkness. He was still standing on the solid ground and he was ready to fight Voldemort and the Death Eaters. He was determined to finish this hunting game for Dobby. It was the first time he felt like an adult.

IV Attack on the Death Eaters

Don't miss a chance. Follow your intuition. Sharpen your senses. Use every available means. Control your mind and don't allow yourself to be trapped. You must snap the wand owned by the evil witch who killed your godfather. Determined you grab the sword of Gryffindor. The

mighty sword was meant to destroy evil. Your father's cloak will lead your way. Generation to generation, it will protect you from the Death like it did for your ancestors.

Though you might be set up as a hero against will, it's too early for you to abandon everything. Never forget your mother's love. Her love flows like a river inside you. Looking back at the last part of your life, you feel a bit of sadness at your misfortune. You remember how you felt when you kissed the girl with bright red hair. It was a moment of pure bliss. A hot bright stream of burning gas gushed from the tethered dragon. Looking at the goblins who run around to escape the flames, you mount on its back with your friends. Tame a dragon, fly high up in the air.

Explosion, detonation and screaming reverberate in the midst of the battle. Curse hellfire is swallowing you, your friends and your enemies. It is only a small sample of what you will face in the battlefields. You shed tears for your lost friends. You feel vulnerable again, but you know that your friends and mentors are always with you. Don't forget their love and friendship. Their wishes and your feelings are your strength to go forward. Even if you fall down, your friends will continue fighting.

Now the Death Eaters are taking off their masks. You enlist the ghosts, centaurs, Hippogriffs, and even a poltergeist. They gather around to protect their fort. The House-elves join you burning revenge for your fallen friend. Some of the snakes slither away, but you stayed there to face the last confrontation.

You try to give Evil the chance to show some remorse for the path that he walked and for the sins he committed, but you see no sign of regret. You resort to your last trick. With a wave of your wand, the Elder wand flies out of his hand and to you. Finally you are free.

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A/N: Many thanks to Treacle Tart for beta reading.

End
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